mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans iests, eate when I haue stomack, and wait for no mans leisure: sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am mery, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controllment, you haue of late stoode out against your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the faire weather that you make your self, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne harueſt.

Iohn I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a cariage to rob loue from any: in this (thogh I cannot be said to be a flatering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plain dealing villaine, I am trusted with a muzzel, and enfraunchisde with a clogge, therfore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth I would bite: if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vse of your discontent?

Iohn I make all vse of it, for I vse it only,
Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended mariage.

Iohn Will it serue for any model to build mischiefe on? what is he for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your bothers right hand.

Iohn Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn A proper squier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary one Hero the daughter and heire of Leonato.

Iohn A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor.

Bor Being entertain'd for a perfu
musty roome, comes me the prin
hand in sad conference: I whipt me
heard it agreed vpon, that the prin
himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her,
dio.

Iohn Come, come, let vs thither, t
displeasure, that yong start-vp hat
throw: if I can crosse him any way, I
you are both sure, and wil assist me.

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn Let vs to the great supper,
that I am subdued, would the cook
go proue whats to be done?

Bor. Weele wait vpon your lord

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wif
Beatrice his neece, and

Leonato Was not counte Iohn h
brother I saw him not.

Beatrice How tartely that gentle
him but I am heart-burn'd an how

Hero He is of a very melancho

Beatrice He were an excellent
the mid-way between him and Be
image and saies nothing, and the ot
sonne, euermore tatling.

Leonato Then halfe signior Be
Iohns mouth, and halfe Counte I
Benedickes face.

Beatrice With a good legge and
money inough in his purse, such a
man in the world if a could get her

Leonato By my troth neece tho
band, if thou be so shrewd of thy to

brother Infaith shees too curst.

Beatrice Too curst is more t